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## Good King Wenceslas

¶ Words by Dr. Neale. Melody of *Tempus adest floridum*, from *Piae Cantiones*, harmonized by the Editor of these Carols.

Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen;

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - - ven:

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

When a poor man came in sight, Gath - ring win - ter fu - - el

- 2 "Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain;  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain."  
3 "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine-logs hither:  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.

- 4 "Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how;  
I can go no longer."  
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;  
Tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."  
5 In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow laid dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the Saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.